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COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention. Book and Job Printing. Executed with neatness and dispatch.

POPULAR FABLES.

THE JOCKEY CAP.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[CONCLUDED.]

When William Church left the log-lavert, he struck into the woods and took his course towards Saco Pond. There was a moon, but the sky was dark, and the little light that struggled to the earth was too faint to penetrate the thick foliage of the wilderness. Church must have been familiar with the track, for he found his way without difficulty through the darkness, and never stopped till he came out on the northern brink of the Pond. He looked anxiously over the face of the little lake.

The full moon had broken from a cloud, and was touching the tiny waves with beauty, while the smooth, sand-bell glittered on its borders like a framework of silver. No check was on its bosom—no spot—was abroad, save the evening breeze, as it rippled the water and made a sweet murmuring melody in the treetop.

Suddenly a light, as if from a pine torch, was seen on a point of land jutting out from the opposite shore. Another and another flashed out, bearing to a particular direction, and then a great flood of flame rose high and bright illuminating the whole point, and shooting its fierce reflection from a meteor almost across the bosom of the water.

"Yes, they are preparing for work," muttered Church as he saw a crowd of painted warriors range themselves around the camp fire, each with his firelock in his hand. There was a general movement. Dark faces glittered in quick succession between him and the blaze, as the warriors preformed the heavy march or war-dance, with usually precedes the going out of a hostile party.

Church left the shore, and striking off in an oblique direction, arrived, after an hour of quick walking at the base of Jockey Cap, which rose like a gigantic sugar loaf a little back from the borders of the pond. The Indian encampment was at its base. Church threaded his way through the cluster of bark wigwams, till he came to one standing on the very base of the hill. It was of logs, and erected with a regard to comfort which the others wanted. The young hunter drew aside the skin which hung over the entrance and looked in. A young Indian girl was sitting on a pile of furs at the opposite extremity. She wore no paint—her cheek was round and smooth, while large hazel eyes gave a soft brilliancy to her countenance which was as beautiful as it was common. Her dress was a robe of dark cloth, open at the throat, and confined to the waist by a narrow belt of wampum, which, with a few beads on her naked arm, and the moccasins laced over her feet, were the only Indian ornaments about her. Even her hair which like all of her tribe was laden with ornaments, and hanging down the back, was braided and wreathed in raven band.

An infant, nearly naked, was lying in her lap, and looking up at her with a mother's smile. Her mouth was ached back and forth on her neck of skin, chanting in a sweet mellow voice the lullaby of an Indian lullaby. As the form of the hunter darkened the entrance, the lullaby ceased, and she started up with a look of affectionate joy, and laying her child on a pile of skins advanced to meet him.

Why did the white man leave his woman so many nights? said she in the broken English hanging fondly about her—"the boy and his mother have listened long for the sound of his moccasins."

Church bent his arm round the slender waist of his Indian wife, and drawing her to him bent his cheek to hers, as if that slight caress was sufficient answer to her gentle greeting. "So it is," he murmured, "her untutored heart, rich in its natural affections, has no aim, no object but what entered into the love she bore her white husband. The feelings, which in civilized life are centered in a thousand objects, were, in her bosom, centered on one single being; he supposed to be the place of all the high aspirations—all the passions and sentiments which are fostered into strength by society—and as her husband was his life, to her the blood darkened her cheek, and her large liquid eyes were flooded with delight."

"And what has Malaeska been doing since the boy's father went into the wood?" inquired Church as she drew him to the couch where he was lying, and carried in the rich furs.

"Malaeska has been alone in the wigwam, watching the shadow of the big pine—when her heart grew sick she looked in the boy's eyes and was glad," replied the Indian mother, laying the infant on her father's arms.

Church kissed the child whose eyes certainly bore the striking resemblance to his own; and parting the straight black hair from a forehead which scarcely bore a tinge of its mother's blood muttered—

"It is a pity that the little fellow is not all white."

The Indian mother took the child with a look of proud anguish, and laid her finger on its cheek, which was rosy with English blood.

Malaeska's father is a chief of the boy's tribe, but Malaeska never thinks of that when she sees the white man's blood come into the boy's cheek," she said, turning sorrowfully to her seat.

He will make a chief of his own tribe, but tell me, Malaeska, why have the warriors kindled the council fire?—I saw it blaze by the pond as I came by."

Malaeska could only inform Church of the death of an Indian who had been brought to the encampment about dusk, and that it was supposed that it had been shot by some of the whites from the Seven Lots settlement. She said that the chief had immediately called a council to deliberate on the best means of revenging their brother's death.

Church had feared this move of the savages, and it was to mitigate their wrath that he sought the encampment at so late an hour. He had married the daughter of Paugus, their chief, and consequently was a man of considerable importance in the tribe. But he felt that his most exertion might fail to draw them from their meditated vengeance, now that one of their number had been slain by the whites. Feeling the necessity for his immediate presence at the council, he left the wigwam and proceeded in a brisk walk to the brink of the pond. He came out of the thick forest which fringed it a little above the point at which the Indians were collected. Their dance was over, and from the few guttural tones which reached him, Church knew that they were planning the death of some particular individual, which was probably to precede the attack on the settlement. The council fire still streamed high in the air, reddening the sky and lighting up the trees in the foreground with a beautiful effect, while the white sandy point seemed a pavement of golden pebbles, so brilliant was the reflection cast over it, and so distinctly did it display the painted forms of the savages as they sat in a circle around the blaze, each with his weapon lying idly by his side. The light lay full on the glittering wampum and leathery breast of one who was addressing them with more energy than is common in the Indian warrior.

Church was too far off to collect a distinct hearing of the chief's discourse, but with a feeling of perfect security he left the deep shadow in which he stood, and approached the council fire. As the light fell upon him the Indians leaped to their feet and a savage yell rent the air, as if a company of fiends had been disturbed in their orgies. Again and again was the fierce cry reiterated, till the woods resounded with the wild echo thus rudely awakened from their caves. As the young hunter stood lost in astonishment at the strange commotion, he was seized by two savages and dragged before Paugus their chief, while the group around eagerly demanded vengeance, quick and terrible, for the death of their brother. The truth flashed across the hunter's mind—it was his death they had been planning—it was he they supposed to be the slayer of the Indian. He remonstrated, and declared himself guiltless of the red man's death. It was vain. He had been seen on the spot by one of the tribe, not five minutes before the death of the Indian was found. Almost in despair he turned to the father of a young chief—one of your tribe? he said, with a pecking eye.

The son-in-law of the chief, Church answered, was a white man, and he had killed him.

The warrior shall cry his head? and the fierce grin bent on the face of the young man, while the savages were in the council.

Church looked around the group, and for his destruction. Every body face was lighted up with a demoniac glare, and the lot flames quivered into the air, their gorilla-like faces gamaging and shooting upwards like a score of living rainbows, while a thousand fierce tongues lashing and darting towards him like eagles' talons, licked the fresh air, and he felt that his death-pyre was a fearful sight, and the heart of the brave hunter quailed within him as he looked. With a wild yell the Indians seized their victim and were about to strangle him for the sacrifice. In their blind fury, they tore him from the grasp of those who held him, and too late after on divesting him of his clothes to remark that his limbs were free. But he was not so fortunate. Collecting his strength for a last effort he struck the nearest savage a blow on the chest, which sent him reeling among his fellows, and taking advantage of the confusion, he tore himself away and springing forward with the bound of an untamed tiger plunged into the lake. The next instant a silent race the air, and a score of dark heads dived the water in pursuit. Fortunately, a cloud was over the moon, and the fugitive remained undisturbed till he reached the shadow by the thickly wooded bank; when rising for a moment, he supported himself and hurled his cap out towards the centre of the pond. The ruse succeeded for the arrow came out at the instant, and with renewed shouts the savages turned in pursuit of the empty cap. Before they learned their mistake, Church had made considerable headway under the shadowing bank, and had taken to the woods just as the shoal of Indian heads entered the shadow in eager chase.

This fugitive stood a moment on the brink of the forest, irresolute, for he knew not which course to take.

"I have it—they will never think of looking for me there," he exclaimed, dashing through the undergrowth, and taking the direction towards the Jockey Cap. He had lost time in deliberating, and the whoop of his pursuers smote on the ear as they made the land. On he bounded with the swiftness of a hurtled arrow, and when he came in sight of the arrow the sound died away, and he began to hope that the savages had taken the track which led to the Seven Lots.

"The Indians," he said, catching up to his panting breast, "Malaeska, we must part—your tribe want my life—the warriors are on my track now—now!—do you not hear their shouts?" He added, as the wild whoop came from the woods below—and forcing back the arms she had flung about him, he seized a war club and stood ready for the attack.

Malaeska springing to the door and looked out with frightened air of a startled doe. Darting back to the pile of furs she laid the sleeping child on the bare earth and motioning her husband to lie down, heaped the skins over his prostrate form; then taking the child in her arms she stretched herself on the pile, and drawing a bear skin over her, pretended to sleep. She had scarcely composed herself when three savages entered the wigwam. One wore a blazing pine knot, with which he proceeded to search for the fugitive. While others were busy among the skins, she crept to the door, and after feeling about among the furs without effect, lifted the bear skin which covered her; but her sweet face in apparent slumber and the beautiful light lying across her bosom, were all that remained to be seen. As if beauty had power to tame the savage, she carefully replaced the covering over her person, and speaking to his companions, she attempted to attempt to disturb her sister.

Malaeska remained in her feigned slumber till she heard the Indians take to the woods again. Then she arose and lifted the skins from off her husband, who was nearly suffocated under them. When he had regained his feet, she placed the war-club in his hand and taking up her babe led her way to the entrance of the hut. Church saw by the act that she intended to desert her tribe and accompany him in his flight. He had never thought of introducing her as his wife among the whites, and now that circumstances made it necessary for him to part with her forever, or to take her among his people for shelter, a pang, such as he had never felt, came to his heart. His affections struggled powerfully with his pride. The picture of his disgrace—of the scorn with which his parents and sisters would receive his Indian wife and half Indian child, presented itself before him, and he had not moral courage to risk the degradation which her companionship would bring upon him. These conflicting thoughts flashed through his mind in an instant, and when his wife stopped at the door and looking anxiously in his face, beckoned him to follow, he said sharply, for his conscience was ill at ease—

"Malaeska, I go alone—you and the boy must remain with your people."

The words had a withering effect upon the poor Indian. Her form drooped, and she raised her eyes with a look so mingled with humiliation and reproach, that the hunter's heart thrilled painfully to her bosom. Slowly, and as if her soul and strength were pining, she crept to her husband's feet, and sinking to her knees, held up the child.

"Malaeska's heart was die, and the boy will have no one to love him," she said.

"That faithful child—that mother kneeling in prayer—those large dark eyes, dim with the intensity of her solicitude—the husband's heart could not withstand this. His bosom heaved, tears gathered in his eyes, and raising the Indian and her child to his bosom, he kissed them both in and again.

"Malaeska," he said, folding her closer to his heart, "Malaeska, I must go now; when seven suns have passed I will come again, or, if the still sick my life, to you take the child and come to the Seven Lot settlement—I shall be there."

The woman bowed her head in humble submission. The white man is good—Malaeska will be there," she said.

One embrace, and the poor Indian wife was alone with her child.

Poor Martha Allen rose early, and waited with nervous impatience for the appearance of her lover; but the morning passed, the hour of noon drew near, and he came not. The heart of the young girl grew heavy, and when her father came in to dinner, her eyes were red with weeping, and her face was a mingled sorrow and penitence. She longed to question her father about him, but he had three long days been absent, and she could gather courage to speak.

"Have you seen Arthur Jones this morning?" she at length questioned, in a low, timid voice.

The answer was given, with sufficient promptness for all her impatience of the previous night. Jones had left the settlement: left in anger with her; without a word of explanation; without even saying farewell. It really was hard. The little coquette had the heart-ache terribly, all her father brightened it away by telling her of the adventure which Church had met among the Indians, and of his departure with Arthur Jones in search of aid from the nearest settlement.

The old man gloomily added that the savages

would doubtless burn their houses over their heads long before the two brave fellows would return with succor. Such, indeed, were the terrible fears of almost every one in the little neighborhood, but their apprehensions, however, were premature. Part of the Indian tribe had gone out on a hunting party among the White hills, and were ignorant of the fatal shot with which Jones had aroused the animosity of their brethren—while those who remained, were dispersed in a fruitless pursuit after Church.

On the afternoon of the fifth day after the departure of their emissaries, the whites began to see unequivocal symptoms of an attack, and now their fears did not deceive them. The hunting party had returned to their encampment, and the detached parties were gathered around the foot of Jockey Cap. About dusk an Indian appeared on the skirts of the clearing, as if to spy out the position of the whites. Soon after a shot was fired at the Englishman before mentioned, as he returned from his work, which passed through the crown of his hat. That hostilities were commenced was now beyond a doubt, and the males of the settlement met in solemn convocation to devise measures for the defence of their wives and children. Their slender preparations were soon made, all were gathered round one of the largest houses, in gloomy apprehension; the women and children within, and the men standing in front, sternly resolving to die in defence of their loved ones.

Suddenly there came up a sound of many feet, and the cracking of brushwood, as if some large body of men were forcing their way through the tangled forest. The women bowed their pallid faces, and gathering their children in their arms, waited, appalled, for the attack. The men stood ready, each grasping his weapon—their faces paling, and their eyes kindling with stern courage, as they heard the stifled groans of the loved objects, covering behind them for protection. The sound came nearer and more distinct; dark forms were seen dimly moving among the trees, and then a file of men came out into the clearing. They were whites—led on by William Church and Arthur Jones. The settlers uttered a boisterous shout, threw down their arms and ran in a body to meet the new comers. The women sprang to their feet, some weeping, others laughing in hysterical joy, and all embracing their children with frantic energy.

Never were there more welcome guests than scores of weary men who refreshed themselves in the various homes of the settlement that night. It was not expected, even by the most sanguine, that a reinforcement could reach them so soon; nor would they have been so fortunate, had not their messengers met with a party of brave men, making their way through the wilderness, from Dunstable to Pigwacket, which was the Indian name for the country around the Seven Lot settlement. Their object was to offer battle to the savages, and they gladly followed the two young men who so earnestly demanded their assistance.

Sentinels were placed, and each settler returned to his dwelling, accompanied by three or four of the welcome guests; every heart beat high with hope—Martha Allen—she, poor girl, was sad among the general rejoicing; her lover had not spoken to her, though she had lingered near his side in the crowd, and had once almost touched him. Instead of going to her father's house, as had been his custom, he accepted the Englishman's invitation, and departed to sleep in his dwelling.

Now this same Englishman had a niece residing with him, who was considered by some to be even more beautiful than Martha herself. The humbled maiden thought of Jones, and of the bright blue eyes of the English girl, till her heart burned with the very same jealous feelings she had so ridiculed in her lover.

"I will see him, I will see them both," she exclaimed, starting up from the settle where she remained full of anxious anxiety, since the dispersing of the crowd; and unheeded by her father—who was relating his hunting exploits to the five strangers quartered on him—she dashed away her tears, threw a shawl over her head, and taking a cup, as an excuse for borrowing something, she left the house.

The Englishman's dwelling stood on the outer verge of the clearing, just within the shadow of the forest; Martha had already reached the entrance, when a dark form rushed from its covert in the brushwood, and rudely seizing her, darted back into the wilderness. The terrified girl uttered a fearful shriek; for the fierce eyes gazing down upon her were those of a savage. She could not repeat the cry, for the wretch crushed her form to his naked chest with a grasp of iron, and winding his hand in her hair, was about to dash her to the ground: that moment a bullet whistled by her cheek. The Indian tightened his hold with savage violence, staggered back, and fell to the ground, still girdling her in his death-grasp—a moment he wretched in mortal agony—warm blood gushed over his victim—the heart under her struggled fiercely in its fast throes; then his lifeless arms relaxed, and she lay fainting on his corpse.

"Oh, Arthur—dear Arthur, I am so glad it was you that saved me," whispered Martha Allen about an hour after her rescue, as she lay on the settle in her father's house, with Arthur Jones bending anxiously over her.

Jones dropped the hand he had been holding, turned away with troubled features.

Martha looked at him and her eyes were brimming with tears. "Jones," she said humbly and very affectionately—"Jones, I did wrong the other night, and I am sorry for it, will you forgive me?"

"I will this once, but never again—never as I live," he replied, with a stern determination in his manner, accompanied by a look that humbled her to the heart. In after years when Martha

Allen was Arthur Jones's wife, and when the stirrings of vanity would have led her to trifle with his feelings, she remembered that look and dared not brave it a second time.

At sunrise the next morning an armed force went into the forest, composed of all who could be spared from the settlement, amounting to thirty-three fighting men. The Indians encamped about the Jockey Cap, more than doubled that number, yet the handful of brave whites resolved to offer them a decisive combat. They proceeded from the settlement down the northern side of Saco Pond, without obtaining a sight of the enemy, if we except one solitary Indian, who appeared on the point of land which we have described, and another, with whom they exchanged fires, that of the Indian taking fatal, though not immediate effect on Mr. John Lovell, the captain of the company.

The little band was approaching the north extremity of the pond, when they halted for a moment to rest. The spot on which they stood was level and thinly timbered; some were sitting on the grass and others leaning on their guns, when a fiendish yell arose, like the howling of a thousand wild beasts, and, as if the very earth yawned to emit them, a band of warriors sprang up in appalling numbers, on the front and rear; and approaching them three abreast, fired into the group with terrible slaughter.

The whites returned their fire, and the sounds of murderous strife, ringing up from the deep bosom of the wilderness, were indeed horrible. Sternly arose the white man's shout, amid the blazing of guns, and the whizzing of tomahawks as they flashed through the air on their mowing of blood. Above all, burst out the war-whoop of the savages, sometimes rising hoarse and like the growlings of a thousand bears, then, as the barking of as many wolves, and again sharpening to the shrill, unearthly cry of a tribe of wild cats. Oh, it was fearful, that scene of slaughter—heart to heart, and muzzle to muzzle, the white and red men battled in deadly strife. The trees above them seemed drooping under a cloud of smoke, and their trunks were scarred with gashes, cut by the tomahawks which had missed their more deadly aim. The ground was burdened with the dead, and yet the strife raged fiercer till the going down of the sun.

In the midst of the fight was William Church. Many a dusky form bit the dust, and many a savage howl followed the discharge of his trusty gun; but at length it became foul with continued use, and he went to the brink of the pond to wash it. He was stooping to the water, when the dark form of an Indian chief cast its shadow a few feet from him; he too, had come down to clean his gun. The moment he had accomplished his purpose, he turned to the white man, who had been to him a son, and drawing his muscular form up to its utmost height, uttered a defiance in the Indian tongue: instantly, the weapons of both were loaded and discharged. The tall form of the chief waved unsteadily for a moment and then fell forward, half its length, into the pond; he strove to rise—his hands dashed wildly over the crimsoned water, for a moment, and Paugus was dead.

The setting sun fell brilliantly over the glittering raiment of the prostrate chief, his long black hair streamed out of the water, and the tiny waves rippled playfully among the gorgeous feathers, which had been his savage crown.

A little back, on a green bank, was Church, wounded both legs: he strove to creep to the battle field, but the blood gushed afresh from his wounds, and he fell back to die.

The savages retreated—the shots became more distant, and the youth was left alone with the body of the slain warrior. He made one more desperate effort, and secured the gun which had belonged to the chief, though faint with the loss of blood, he loaded that, as well as his own, and placing them beside him, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. The sun went slowly down, the darkness crept like a veil over the lake, and there he was, wounded and alone, in the solitude of the wilderness—who shall tell the thoughts of the forsaken man during that long, long night of agony! Did they dwell on that other world, whose shadowy portals he was approaching? or did his heart turn to her, his Indian wife, and his infant pledge of the great love he had borne her?—None can answer.

The morning dawned upon the lake quietly and still, as if nothing but the dews of heaven and the flowers of earth, had ever tasted its freshness; yet all under the trees, the grass and the white blossoms were crushed to the ground and trampled in human blood. The delicious light broke like a smile from heaven over the still bosom of the waters, and flickered cheerily through the dewy branches of hemlock which shadowed the prostrate hunter. The bright dew drops lay thickly on his dress and gleamed like a shower of seed pearls in his rich brown hair; the green moss on either side was soaked with a crimson stain; and his face was pallid in death. He had not died tamely, as the discarded guns at his feet, and the dusky forms of two dead Indians in a neighboring thicket, might witness; nor was he alone in death, for on the same mossy couch lay the slain chief; the limbs were composed as if on a bier, hair wiped smooth, and the crescent of feathers, broken and wet, was arranged with care around his bronzed temples. A little way off on a hillock, purple with flowers, lay a beautiful child, rolling over, throwing up his limbs and uttering

his tiny shouts of gladness, as if death and sorrow were not all around him. There by the side of the dead hunter sat Malaeska, the widow, her hands dropping nervelessly by her side, her long black hair sweeping the moss, and her face bowed on her bosom, as if stifled with the overwhelming poignancy of her grief. Thus she remained motionless and still, when the day was at its noon. Her child hungry and tired of play, had cried itself to sleep among the flowers but she knew it not; her heart seemed closed as with a portal of ice. That night when the moon was up, the Indian widow, with her own hands, buried her husband and the chief, her father, under a great pine tree at the base of the Jockey Cap. The Indian warrior and his white son soon slept in one grave. When the tribe was dispersed, Malaeska remained in her wigwam by the bones of her household.

Years after "Lovels fight," when Arthur Jones and Martha, his wife, were settled in a frame house with a rising family about them, their youngest girl, Mary Georgina, would sometimes wander alone on a summer's day, to the foot of Jockey Cap, whence she would return, with a string of wampum, the skin of a bird, or a pretty painted basket, woven by the hand of Malaeska and filled with blueberries by a brave dark-eyed boy, who called the Indian, "mother." Often was the young lad seen passing through the village, loaded with his mother's merchandise, and sometimes, when the whites would inadvertently speak of her by her English name, "Moll Locket," the boy would draw himself up, and inform them with a flashing eye, that his mother's name was Malaeska, and that she was the daughter of a great chief, though she did make baskets at the foot of Jockey Cap.

THE EARTH'S CENTRE.—A fact of great interest had been proved by the borings for Artesian wells in the suburbs of Paris, viz: that as we go towards the centre of the earth, the temperature increases at the rate of about one degree for every fifty feet. That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great part of it, is an ocean of melted rock, tho, I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomenon of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruptions have been ascertained and placed beyond dispute. How, then, are they to be accounted for? The theory prevalent some years since, that they are caused by combustion of immense coal-beds, is perfectly puerile, and is entirely abandoned.

All the coal in the world could never afford fuel enough for a single exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have no doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in operation in the earth. We know that when certain metals are brought together, powerful electric action is involved, and a light is produced, superior even in effulgence to the splendour of the sun. Now, if a small arrangement produces such result, what may we not expect from the combinations of those immense beds of metals to be found in the earth? Here we have the key to all the grand phenomena of volcanic action.

Illustration on a small scale, may be seen in an instrument called the thermo-electrical battery, made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony, packed in a box and varnished. In this, heat is involved below, while the top is cold; and here we have the very cause of the volcano, when in the interior a fiery ocean is heaving its surges, while its peak is capped with everlasting snows.—*Silliman.*

EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By an extra New York Herald on Sunday afternoon, we received news of the arrival at that port of the *Sheridan*, Depeyster, from Liverpool March 14.

The steamship *Hibernia* arrived at Liverpool on the 14th. O'Connell had two great dinners—one at Birkenhead and the other in London, the latter on the 14th.

Victor's coronation is looked for about the beginning of July.

Lord Palmerston and court are to visit England in September next. Ex-Queen Christina had been received with the utmost enthusiasm in London.

The diet of Hungary have adopted, without any discussion, by a majority of forty-one votes against three, a motion for the emancipation of the Jews.

Ireland.—In some parts of Connaught, especially in Galway, the humbler classes are suffering great distress—a state of things rather unusual at this season. The *Galway Vindicator* contains a very afflicting statement on this subject. "Whole families (says that journal) are without any support except a few stones of potatoes amongst them, and hundreds of others have none at all. What is to become of the people in summer, if this be their condition at present? An appeal for assistance is to be made to the government."

RAVAGES OF SMALL POX—Fatal Deception. We learn from the Memphis (Tenn) Eagle that the people of De Soto county, Mississippi, are dreadfully afflicted with the small Pox, with which they have been inoculated by a Steam Doctor. An individual very improperly quizzed the latter by telling him that the only way to obtain Vaccine matter was to take the *Small Pox virus* and mix it with new milk. The Steam Doctor did so, and with the most lamentable results. Several persons have died of this disease.

A travelling preacher obtained some of the same material and inoculated twenty or thirty

persons. The result has been dreadful in the extreme. The whole country is in the most painful alarm and consternation. And all to gratify some contemptible fellow's desire to quizz t

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.—Recent advices from public but well informed sources, assure us of the following important facts, viz: 1. That John Tyler has definitely determined to stand as a candidate for President, on independent grounds.

2. That a Convention of his friends will assemble in Baltimore on the 27th of May, and formally present him for that office.

4. That he will run as the open, avowed advocate of terminating directly the joint Occupation of Oregon and taking Military and Judicial possession of that region; also, of annexing Texas to the Union, and on such grounds appeal to the People for support.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 23, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its simple folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; REFORM; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

THE CONTEST.

The great battle which is about to be fought between the two formidable political parties of the United States has, in reality, commenced, and is raging with great violence all over the country. First one party assails, then the other—the one charges, the other defends. Between the leading journals of both parties there is a fierceness of contest, and a vigor of argument, seldom witnessed at so early a period of a campaign. We should infer from this that both parties felt the importance of the cause in which they were engaged,—that both felt the keenest desire for victory,—and that neither meant to leave a stone unturned which would in the least degree promote its success.

The warmth and the ardor which is manifested at this early day we could wish had been postponed till after the nomination of the candidates for the Presidency. The excitement which would have arisen among the people before the close of the election, in that case, would have been sufficiently fierce, and the time for the discussion of principle sufficiently ample, for all useful purposes. But the half-stones of political discussion are flying thick about us, and whether the adoption of our wishes would better subserve the great interests of the country, or not, we have no alternative left but to engage, heart and hand, in the contest.

We look forward with bright anticipation to the future, when we reflect upon the utter failure of our opponents to fulfill their promises; and establish those principles—the solemn announcement and assertion of which—the brought them into power. The thirst for office led them to promise much—the thirst for power more. No man in his senses would have said that this Government could be administered in all its branches for \$12,000,000; yet this was the promise made to the people by Whig orators. This was an inducement held out to catch voters. How has it resulted? Why the Government has cost nearly \$30,000,000 per annum; and in order to pay it they have run in debt in time of peace. The prospect before us we conceive to be bright and propitious, because these monstrous lies are about to be exposed—because the people who look into political matters are burning for an opportunity to show their resentment to the insults heaped upon them—and because the time is near when such hypocrisy will receive its just reward.

The contest in which we are now engaged, was never exceeded in interest and importance by any that has taken place in this country. Whether we take into consideration the parties engaged, or the different questions at issue, we shall look in vain for a period in our own history when more stirring appeals to the people were requisite to prepare them for the crisis. Banks, Distribution, High Tariff, are the rallying points of our opponents; but while the iniquity of this policy is to be exposed by the Democratic party, it will advocate No Bank, Low Duties, Economy in Government expenditures, and a safe method of collecting, keeping, and disbursing the public revenue. These last doctrines are the only doctrines which can aid and benefit the people.—They are the only doctrines which can support a Republic and enable all classes to subsist on a system of equality and justice; and these are the doctrines which commend themselves, and which we would commend to the people. Every person should feel an interest in these issues, and seek for information on all those points about which he is doubtful, so that, as the contest rages, each one may be able to give a reason for the hope that is in him.

Mr. Greeley, Whig, has been re-elected Mayor of Portland at the second trial. The vote stood for Greenough, Dem., 621, Greeley 538, scattering 14. Portland is Whiggish enough.

EMBLEMS OF WHIGGERY.—Rev. Calvin Colton is the great exponent of Whig principles. He is the reputed "Author" of the "Junius Tracts." Just see what this great mouth-piece of Whiggery recommends!

"Whig democracy prevailed in 1840, in our opinion, only because it was believed to be true democracy. We are also persuaded, it can only prevail now and ultimately for the same reason. We would not lay aside the 'Log Cabin,' nor 'Hard Cider,' for they are the appropriate symbols of democracy; nor even the 'Coon,' for people like to laugh."

We had hoped, for the honor of mankind, and the good of our country, that such degrading emblems would be thrown aside. But we are disappointed. The farce of '40 is again to be acted over. Instead of arguments, we are to have ridiculous symbols; instead of evidence, "Coons," "Log Cabins," and "Hard Cider." These are the recommendations of a Clergyman! "O tempora! O mores!"

The Democrats have elected their Mayor in New Orleans by 400 majority.

"Yes, and forged 1800 naturalization papers to effect it, for which Judge Elliot is now in impeachment. Locofoco 'victories' now-a-days are won either by frauds upon the ballot-box or upon the common sense of the electors."—*Walden Signal.*

You are mistaken, Mr. Signal. The Democrats have not stolen your weapons. Judge Elliot was imprisoned for forging Naturalization papers to get Whig votes. Elliot is a Whig. Please correct.

"During the investigation in Judge Elliott's case yesterday, some very interesting facts were elicited from Mr. Guennie, the agent of the Clay Club for the naturalization of aliens, teaching the agency of that party in the naturalization job. It was proved that ALL the persons who were charged in the articles of impeachment to have been illegally naturalized, were sent up by the Clay Club, in the usual coin of whiggery, to wit, promises."—*New Orleans Republic.*

Our Whig friends are referred to the article in to-day's paper relative to Mr. Clay being under Bonds. This is a sad predicament for a candidate aspiring to the Presidency of the United States. The Boston Atlas, four years ago, asserted that Mr. Clay had too many heresies to ever be a successful candidate for the Presidency. It has now changed its opinion, and is doing battle for him with usual ardor. We should judge that Mr. Clay not only had too many heresies, but that he was too reckless of his own and others' lives to be even a candidate for that high office.

The Argus and American are at it again. The former, as usual, commenced the fight. We are unable to estimate the killed and wounded till after the smoke has cleared away and the feathers are done flying. The shot from both sides must do tremendous execution. Old "twenty per cent" is hardly an equal for the General.—What brought down the wrath of Mr. Case on the American at the present time is the assertion of the Age that the American, under the Editorial charge of Mr. Kingsbury, had been an able auxiliary in the Democratic cause.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The President has been called on to communicate to the House any and all the information in relation to the Rhode Island question which he has in his possession, and likewise all the orders he has given to the U. S. Troops in relation to the same. He has made answer to the request of the House, and says, in substance, that he has not interfered in the affairs of Rhode Island except to strengthen a single post in that State by way of precaution. He says that he never supposed that Mr. Dorr meant to go farther than to intimidate the inhabitants of Rhode Island; and that the final result proved that to be the case.

ORDER OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—A General Order has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, signed by the Adjutant General, enjoining it upon commanding Officers to keep up the organization of the Militia sufficient to meet, at a moment's warning, all the calls upon them which the public exigencies may require.—Likewise to keep a correct roll of those who are liable to do military duty and make a correct return of their number to the Adjutant General's Office, in order that this State may receive its usual quota of Arms from the General Government.

The Commander-in-Chief trusts that all vacancies will be promptly filled.

CHARTERED FREIGHTS.—The Native American party carried the day in the New York City election. About 50,000 votes were polled. Connington, Dem. had 23,000,—Franklin, Whig, had 5000, and Harper, Native American, had 24,000. A plurality elects in N. York, so Mr. Harper is Mayor of the City.

In Brooklyn, the Democrats have elected their Mayor by several hundred majority.

In Albany the Charter election resulted in the choice of Humphrey, Whig, by 500 majority.

A very good idea.—A friend of ours, says Kendall's Exposition, speaking in reference to a picture of Henry Clay, exhibited in Washington, remarked, that to complete the picture, the artist should have put a pistol in one hand, and a pack of cards in the other!

OXFORD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

This Association will hold its next Quarterly Meeting at Buckfield Village on the second Tuesday of May next, at two o'clock P. M. A semi-Official list of the tunes and select pieces to be sung on that occasion has been made out by the President and one of the Directors, for the benefit of all those who feel an interest in the subject of Music. A copy of the Democrat containing this selection will be sent to various Choirs in different portions of the County in order that singers may examine it and prepare to assist on the occasion.

The following is the list and the order in which they will be sung:—

"Ere" "Purrah" "Meritah" "H. C. by" "Ereardheim An. Lore" "H. C. by" "Walney" "Chant No. 72" "Farlon" "And ye shall seek me" "Dunbar" "Parah" "Lift up your heads Eternal Gates" "Walney" "Noami" "Chant No. 74" "Mazzaroth" "Milton" "Strike the Harp, Portland Book" "Chant No. 73" "Chard" "Glory to God on High" "Ur" "Eleon" "Chant" "Praise ye the Lord."

Those marked with an (*) are from the "Carmine Sacra." Those with this mark (†) from "Boston Academy."

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A gentleman by the name of Wickoff has recently charged James G. Bennett of the N. York Herald, with having had some singular business with Fanny Ellsler. The charges were first published in the *Courier & Enquirer*, afterwards copied into the "New York American," by Charles King,—the "Journal of Commerce," by David Hale,—the "Evening Post," by Wm. C. Bryant, and into the "Daily Tribune," by Horace Greely. Bennett says,— "that in order to set this piece of infamy right before the public in its most flagrant form, I shall bring all those editors before the Judicial Tribunals." He intends to bring Miss Ellsler forward into Court to disprove Wickoff's charge, and prove a noble avenger against those editors who copied the item. Bennett's character will fare hard before a Judicial Tribunal.

Littleton W. Tazewell—a strong man—has taken the field in favor of Van Buren and Democracy and against Mr. Clay. He made a speech a few days ago in Norfolk Va., in which he condemned in stirring terms the course of a Clay.

Senator W. R. King, of Ala., has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. His appointment was unanimously confirmed.

Gov. Shannon, of Ohio, was nominated Minister to Mexico to succeed Gen. Thompson. He has been confirmed.

ALTERATION OF DISTRICT COURTS.—There is hereafter to be but three Districts and only three District Justices. The time of holding Courts, especially in this County, is altered likewise. It is to be at Paris, for the County of Oxford, on Monday preceding the second Tuesday in June, and on Monday preceding the first Tuesday of November.

"SUNDAY MERCURY."—This is a new Daily published in Bangor by the Association of Practical Printers. The first number appeared last week. Its motto is "Independent in everything—Neutral in nothing." We shall place it on Mercury on our exchange list.

"THE COMMODORE PREBLE."—This is the name given to the splendid Steamboat recently built and launched in Portland. It is emphatically a Portland Boat. The "Commodore Preble" is about 300 tons burden, and is to be commanded by Capt. Coyle. It will be ready for regular trips in about a week. She is sent to ply between Portland and Boston.

THE OREGON NEGOTIATION.—MR. CALHOUN'S FIRMNESS AND DETERMINATION.

This negotiation says a Correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, as I informed you a fortnight ago, has been suspended. It was the wish of this Government to bring that negotiation to the Senate simultaneously with the Annexation treaty. But several difficulties interposed, some of which I have heretofore referred to.

But in addition to those, there was a want of power on the part of the British Minister, to treat on the proposed Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun promptly, and in a manner and directness unusual with diplomatists, proposed his ultimatum to wit: *that he would not accept it.*

Mr. Clay is now at Charleston, on his way to Washington. Rather a circuitous route.

The Whigs are in a tress because Mr. Clay is under \$5000 Bonds to keep the peace.

Will the Common School J. send us the copy or copies containing Hon. H. Mann's Report on Education, and oblige.

Complimentary.—A man not a thousand miles from Lowell, once asked another whom he liked best to hear preach. Why, said he, I like to hear Mr. — best, because, said he, I don't like any preaching, and he comes the nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard. —*Lowell Courier.*

The above is a true story. The time it occurred was some ten or twelve years ago. The preacher who was the subject of the conversation was the Rev. Ebenezer Case. It is an old story and has been told a thousand times.—*Lowell Daily Herald.*

And during those ten or twelve years his intellect hasn't increased a trifle full. He is just the same as over; and though he don't preach now, yet his calculations come the nearest to nothing of any thing ever put on paper.—*Portland Daily American.*

His editorial services are valued to less than nothing by a violent attack on *Harvard* [of words] brought on by an editorial which wounded his self love.—*Victorians of last week.* We hope it won't prove tragical.

They are to have a monument at New Orleans at an expense of \$400,000, to commemorate the great battle.

Those wishing information on this subject are referred to an advertisement in this number.

From the New England Democrat.

CLAY UNDER BONDS

To prevent him from fighting a Duel.

To the good people of New England, and of the Union, know that Henry Clay, who is to be the federal candidate for the highest office in their gift, is under bonds to prevent him from MURDERING A FELLOW BEING? Such is the fact; and they ought to know it and proclaim it from the forests of Maine to the Rocky Mountains. Not a city, nor a village, nor a hamlet, but should utter in loud tones its condemnation of the act which made it necessary to bring Clay before the Police Court at Washington and cause him to give bonds not to break the laws of God and of man, by committing murder.

Henry Clay took his seat in the Senate in the spring of 1840, fresh from the field of victory.—a victory which had been won by the foulest means, and for the basest ends. The leading federalists were generally greatly elated; but among the hard core chiefs, probably not one felt in his bosom so much of glory and revenge, as who had imbibed so much of the spirit of that infamous campaign as himself.—His voice was still for war; his black heart panted for blood; the hand reeking with the blood of the noble Cilley was stretched out for another victim.

Such seems to have been the feelings of Henry Clay when the subject of the election of a printer to the Senate came up in that body. It was on the 9th of March, 1841. The subject was not one calculated to excite and arouse the feelings of the honorable Senators; but Mr. Clay could not let the opportunity pass of breathing fire and fury upon the printer to the Senate, Mr. Blair, and upon all who dared to come forward in his defence. The following, which we copy from a Washington letter, published in the Boston Post of the 12th of March, 1841, gives a correct account of what then occurred:

WASHINGTON, March 9th, 1841.

"In the course of the discussion to-day, Mr. Clay's ill temper gave rise to a scene the like of which is not often witnessed in the Senate. Mr. King, of Alabama in defending Mr. Blair from a coarse and vituperative attack made upon him by Mr. Clay, said, substantially, that he had been acquainted with Mr. Blair, that in his social relations of life, in his intercourse as a gentleman, in benevolence and purity of character, he would in his opinion, compare favorably with the Senators on the other side, and were reflecting stripes upon him, &c. &c."

"When Mr. King thus spoke, Mr. Clay arose, evidently annoyed, and commenced his remarks in a gross and unprovoked attack on Mr. Blair. He said, 'I have known him as a man who has sold over to the other side, who was worthy of his name.' He repeated what he said yesterday, which is, that the *Globe* was an infamous paper, and that the editor was an infamous man. He then referred to the comparison that Mr. King had made. The Senator from Alabama, said Mr. Clay has compared me to Blair—that Blair's character is equal to mine. 'That is false—it is a slanderous, base, and false and cowardly declaration, and the Senator knows it to be so.'"

"The mild and gentleman leader of the administration party in Congress then sat down.—The eye of all were fixed on Mr. King, who arose and stated, that although he did not consider the Senator from Kentucky an enemy, he had then no reply to make."

"False," "slandrous, base and false and COWARDLY" These are the epithets, which Clay applied to Col. King—and for what purpose but to court a CHALLENGE from that gentleman,—aye to FORCE A CHALLENGE from him; he could have been actuated by no other motive; his language could not be mistaken, the intent was as clear as if he had at the moment pointed a pistol at, or rushed with a Bowie knife upon his gentlemanly antagonist.—The opprobrious language, grossly insulting, could not be passed over by Col. King, and the result was a challenge, which Mr. Clay promptly accepted. At this stage of the affair, the friends of Mr. Clay interposed, and entered a complaint to the Police Court of Washington, and had him bound over to keep the peace, in the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

A friend at Washington has kindly furnished us with a copy of the bond, which we present to the public, with the assurance that it is a true copy, attested by W. Brent, Clerk of the Court. It is as follows:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

District of Columbia, to wit:

Be it remembered, that on the Tenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty one, before us two of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Washington, of the District of Columbia, personally appeared HENRY CLAY and WILLIS GREEN, and solemnly acknowledged themselves to owe the United States of America, that is to say, the said

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BONDS

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HENRY CLAY Five Thousand Dollars, and the said WILLIS GREEN Five Thousand Dollars each, to be respectively levied of their bodies, goods and chattels, lands and tenements, to and for the use of the said United States, if the said HENRY CLAY shall make default in the performance of the conditions underwritten.

The condition of the above Recognizance is such that if the above-named HENRY CLAY shall keep the peace of the United States towards all persons, and particularly towards Wm. R. King, then this Recognizance shall be void, otherwise of full force and virtue in Law.

Acknowledged before us,

B. R. MORSE, J. P.

W. THOMPSON, J. P.

A true copy.

Attest: W. BRENT, Clerk.

There it is, men of New England. The whig candidate for the Presidency, under bonds of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO KEEP THE PEACE!! "BE IT REMEMBERED that on the tenth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one," "personally appeared" HENRY CLAY before two Justices of the Peace of Washington, and gave bonds to the amount of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, that the law should not be violated.—MARK "THE CONDITIONS." "Henry Clay shall keep the peace of the United States towards all persons, and particularly towards WILLIAM R. KING."

What execution can be given for this late outrage by Henry Clay? His browbeating, insulting and murderous propensities, it seems, are not merely the rashness of youth, but have grown with his strength. He was at that time about 63 years of age. He had arrived at that period when the passions naturally become subdued, and the mind, ever, calmed and settled; when warm feelings give place to the cool judgment, and enlightened reason triumphs over rash ignorance. Not so with Henry Clay. What he was—we find him still,—in age as in youth.—THIRTY DOLLARS TO KEEP THE PEACE!! THE BOND HAS NOT BEEN CANCELLED. There it is. A President of the United States under bonds to keep the peace! No, no; never, NEVER will Henry Clay be President of these United States. God forbid it!

CLAY TO BE TAKEN OFF.

The Mobile Register says: "There are some rumors from Washington that the signs of the times are so unpropitious to Mr. Clay, in a single handed race with Mr. Van Buren, that efforts are making to have him dropped in some of the States, and a more popular man taken up, to double teams upon the democratic candidate. They want to take up Judge McLEAN in the eastern and some of the western States, where it begins to be seen that Clay cannot get the whole of the whig strength. We don't believe that Mr. Clay can be driven off the course for any man. He has taken the field for himself, and he will not be thrust aside again. At three score and ten it is too late to wait. Now, or never, and if not now, never, is Mr. Clay's fate. He will not be put off with promises again."

WINGS LAMENT OVER THE N. Y. CITY ELECTION.

The "Tammany folks" had abundant reason for bearing their "defeat remarkable well." Through such defeats they look forward to many triumphs. Tammany Hall has become so odious that had the Whig party maintained its integrity, they would have carried the city triumphantly. But now all is gone. The Native Americans will fall to pieces. The Whig party has fallen into disgrace. Tammany Hall will "purge and leave cleanly," for a year and then be restored to popular favor again. And all this to benefit some office-seeking gentry, and to gratify a persecuting spirit against Irishmen, who though often misled are better and truer friends and supporters of Free Institutions and Republican Government, than most of those who are to be turned out or those who will go into office.—Albany Evening Journal.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION AT NORWICH, CT. AND PROBABLE LOSS OF LIFE.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, the citizens of Norwich were thrown into consternation by a tremendous concussion, which shook their buildings with great violence, and occasioned great damage in the destruction of crockery and window glass.

Attributing it to the explosion of powder stored in a building erected for that purpose about three quarters of a mile from the town, many persons repaired thither to ascertain the cause and consequences of the catastrophe. They found the house, which had contained between eighty and a hundred kegs of powder, a mass of ruins. In its vicinity were the bodies of four boys; though life was not extinct, they had been stunned into a state of insensibility, and were incapable of rendering any account of the disaster.

Two of them, at least, are probably fatally injured, and it is doubtful whether more than one of the four can survive. It is probable that playing with powder in the neighborhood they communicated fire accidentally to the contents of the building. But this is only a surmise.

Professor S. F. B. Morse has completed his electro-magnetic telegraph between Washington and Bladensburg, a distance of six miles. An experiment was made on Thursday, by announcing to the attendant at Washington the arrival of the cars at Bladensburg; and the intelligence was communicated and the answer received before the train fully passed the operator. The line will be extended to Beltsville, twelve miles from this city, in the course of a week or ten days. From the circumstances to which we have referred there can be no doubt as to the final and complete success of the experiment.—Madisonian.

How to HAVE A SHARP RAZOR.—Take a strip of thick harness leather, the size you want for a strap and fasten it at each end upon a piece of

wood, then rub upon its surface a piece of tin, (any tin dish will do) until it is smooth. Strap your razor upon this and you will find it worth all the patent stropps that were ever invented.

Blowing up a vessel under sail.—The Baltimore Sun states that some day next week, Mr. Colt, the celebrated operator in submarine explosion, will attempt the grand experiment of exploding a vessel while under full sail as she approaches the Navy Yard at Washington.

Crabbed men can't take a joke kindly. If it be a little acid, the small quantity of milk of human kindness they may possess, becomes instantly curdled by it. Never joke an ill-natured man—for he won't forgive or forget it.

To be known as a cold water man, is at once to increase the respect of all men for you. Even the set thinks well of that man who will drink nothing; but more than all, such a man respects himself, and thinks well of the act. There is no mistake about it.

We learn from Washington that the President has sent to the Senate the name of Hon. CHARLES G. FERRIS as Collector of New York, in place of Edward Curtis.

The Plebeian Tracts.

NOTICE TO DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATIONS, CLUBS AND COMMITTEES.

In consequence of the increased demand for these popular Tracts, we have reduced the price from \$2.50 to \$2 per 100, and \$20 per 1000. They are ably written, and completely explode the sophisms of the modern "Junius." They should be largely ordered by our Democratic friends throughout the country. No Democrat should be without them. All orders sent to the Plebeian Office, New York City. Remittances in bills of specie-paying banks, accompanying the orders, will be received.

No. 1.—The Injustice of the Tariff on Revenue Principles.

No. 2.—The Injustice of the Tariff on Protective Principles.

LEVI D. SLAMM, Publisher.

READ THIS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

THE virtues of these Pills are now cheerfully and universally acknowledged by their great popularity and extensive circulation, and few who peruse this article will be found unacquainted with some proofs of their real excellence, and many will be ready to add the testimonials of their own experience in favor of this delicate and efficacious medicine.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are designed to ASSIST NATURE in restoring the various organs to a healthy action, by CLEANSING the Stomach and bowels, and PURIFYING the whole System from those morbid and corrupt humors which in most cases are the cause of disease, and thus gives to the patient health, richness, and cheerfulness for dispendency.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of these Pills has introduced some unprincipled persons to manufacture a SPURIOUS ARTICLE, which they endeavor to palm off as unobjectionable as the GENUINE MEDICINE, hence the importance of purchasing only of the regular advertised Agents. N. B. Remember Thomas Crocker is the only regular, authorized Agent for the sale of the above invaluable medicine in this Village, and do not purchase elsewhere. If you would be sure of obtaining the GENUINE MEDICINE.—Beware.

MARRIED.

In Augusta, Nathaniel C. Dutton to Betsey Shaw.

In Litchfield, Joseph S. Lord to Emeline True.

In Wilton, Jacob O. Eaton to Elizabeth J. Fletcher.

In Bridgton, Capt. Peter Walker to Hannah Weeks.

DIED.

In Winthrop, Oren Shaw, aged 56.

In Belgrade, John P. Tobbers aged 30.

In Portland, Charles Goodwin, aged 41 years.

In Corinna, Hannah Allen, aged 31.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Superintendent of Schools, Committee of Paris will be in session at the residence of T. H. BROWN, on Tuesday, the seventh day of May next, at 9 o'clock A. M. School Teachers are requested to call.

Per order of S. S. Committee of Paris.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Inn of Sydney Ham, in said County, on Monday, the 15th day of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M. all the right which Robert McKenney, of said County, has in equity to redeem the North West half of the Lot numbered Eleven in the ninth Range of Lots in said Greenwood, containing sixty acres by estimation, more or less, and being the same premises as mortgaged by said Young to Joseph G. Cole on the sixteenth day of February last to secure the payment of one hundred and fifty dollars and interest, and which mortgage is recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 63, page 281, and for more particular description of premises reference thereto being had.

TERMS of sale, six months credit for an undoubted note on interest.

SIMEON CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.

April 12th 1841.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Store of Jarvis C. Marble in Paris, in said County, on Saturday the eighth day of June next at ten o'clock A. M. all the right which Henry Young of Greenwood, in said County, has in equity to redeem the North West half of the Lot numbered Eleven in the ninth Range of Lots in said Greenwood, containing sixty acres by estimation, more or less, and being the same premises as mortgaged by said Young to Joseph G. Cole on the sixteenth day of February last to secure the payment of one hundred and fifty dollars and interest, and which mortgage is recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 63, page 281, and for more particular description of premises reference thereto being had.

TERMS of sale, six months credit for an undoubted note on interest.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Deputy Sheriff.

April 8, 1841.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE Copartnership in relation existing between the subscribers under the firm of

HUBBARD & MARBLE,

is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call on either of them and settle the same immediately.

J. HUBBARD.

J. MARBLE.

Paris, April 6, 1841.

COLLECTOR'S DEEDS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—GREENWOOD.

Non-Resident Money Tax for 1842, and delinquent Highway Tax for 1841.

NON-RESIDENT proprietors of lands in the South part of Greenwood, formerly known by the name of Phillips' Academy half Township.

Owners' Names.

No. of Lots.

No. of Acres.

Value.

Unpaid Tax.

Henry Young's land and buildings, 11 9 30 60 234 2 29 4 63

Unk. East end 12 5 54 10 39 39

Daniel Knight, or unknown, 14 7 23 23 89 89

Non-resident proprietors of lands in the North part of Greenwood, known by the name of Raymond's Grant.

S. Purrington, or unknown, 2 9 100 15 58 58

Samuel P. Barker, or unknown, 1 3 100 60 234 2 24

Unknown, 1 1 100 15 58 81 1 32

do 5 6 100 20 78 109 1 98

do 2 6 100 25 97 1 12 1 98

Hilborn, or unk. 1 6 100 30 117 1 17

do 5 9 100 22 85 85

Unknown, 6 1 100 25 97 67 1 64

\$18 65.

GREENWOOD, April 8th, 1841.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the Tax on the Non-Resident lands committed to me for collection as assessed by the Assessors of Greenwood for the year 1842.

SIMEON FULFORD,

Collector of Greenwood.

The above is a true copy of the Non-Resident Tax turned to me by Simon Furlong, Collector for the town of Greenwood for 1842.

FREDERICK COBURN,

Treasurer of Greenwood for A. D. 1842.

Greenwood, April 17th, 1841.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, SEYMOUR ROBERTS, late of Paris in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, on the twenty-sixth day of April in the year eighteen hundred and forty-one, being then in full life, conveyed to me, the subscriber, by his deed of conveyance, a certain lot of land, being a number of acres, situated in the range of Lots in the Township of Paris, containing one hundred acres more or less, subject to the condition in said deed expressed, recorded in the Oxford Registry of deeds, Book 61, page 305.—And whereas said condition was not fulfilled by said Roberts in his life time, nor by any other person since his decease, but the same has been and remains broken; therefore, by reason of the breach of said condition, I claim possession of said land and a foreclosure of said mortgage, agreeably to the laws of the State.

GEORGE EDWARDS,

Peru, April 17th, 1841.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—PARIS.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors & owners of land & other real estate in the town of Paris, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes assessed on the real estate in said town for the year 1842, and delinquent highway taxes for 1841, which remain unpaid, have been returned to me by Joseph H. King, Collector of said town for said year 1842, and the sums which remain unpaid are contained in the following schedule, viz:—

Non-Resident Land Tax for 1842.

Owners' Names.

No. of Lots.

No. of Acres.

Value.

Unpaid Tax.

Lurvey Thomas N., N. part 29 4 100 230 2 07

Unknown, E. " 22 3 60 225 2 03

Fuller Alden, 15 5 9 50 45

Unknown, N. W. " 29 7 10 60 54

Goodnow Wm. E. " 7 2 110 600 2 70

Howe John " 7 1 31 217 75

Young Wm. N. W. " 11 1 10 95 86

Brown Titus O. " 7 1 31 217 75

do for Swift land 12 1 40 200 1 56

Unknown, Berry Farm, 19 6 50 303 1 56

do 28 0 1 80 77

do 28 100 230 2 07

Names of Residents.

Ramsdell Job 3 65

Swift Alvin, for Jackson land 2 03

Warner Phineas B. 2 03

Merrill Moses 63

Cloudman Solomon 95

Clark Jonathan 64

Cushman Ebenezer 8 04

Dure Samuel 65

do for house 65

Jackson Jacob 1 82

Morton Joseph B. 6 75

Perry James 1 34

Robinson Elizabeth W. 3 56

Stowell David P. 3 56

Wright Ezra 93

Warren Abiah 93

Delinquent Highway Tax for 1841.

Dunham Samuel, heirs of 27 7 10 60 49

Unknown, Asa Dunham stand 27 6 1 56 73

do 27 2 50 100 85

Fuller Alden, 15 5 9 50 43

Willis John W. 6 44

ALANSON MELLE, Treasurer of said town.

Paris, April 3, 1841.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, I do hereby give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEORGE F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris

Figure 1

100

Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental design. The subjects were divided into two groups: the control group and the experimental group. The control group received a standard training program, while the experimental group received a modified training program. The results of the training program were compared between the two groups.

[illegible]

Circumstance	Percentage (%)
If someone is attacking you	85
If someone is threatening you	75
If someone is harassing you	65
If someone is insulting you	55
If someone is annoying you	45

C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.

WM. E. GOODNOW,
Agent for the County of Oxford.
or 26, 1312. 3411
Administrators' & Guardians'
DEEDS for Sale at this Office.

J. A. K. Knapp, O. C. Bonser,
 East Bethel, E. M. Carter, & Co.
 Hartford, W. Hall,
 Jacksonville, C. Howe,
 Porter, E. Bliss, Jr.
 Sweden, B. Sorenson
 And for sale in this place by Halden, J. & Mart C.
 C. C. CORLISS, Traveling Agent.

Six months or at we'll give you \$1.00 over \$1.00
dollars with good secun.

Bethel, March 15, 1844.

JOHN H. ROVER
38415

Blanks for Town Orders
FOR SALE HERE.

ve -Perm, Feb. 3, 1841--40. MASS. LOCK-
nark.
TIMOTHY LOUDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.